Winter Begin-ter
Poetry — Kayla Burrell

Every winter’s start I go to the garden and watch the flowers get clipped clean till each beheaded rosebush barely breaks the hardening soil. It is so they don’t die in the freeze. It feels unfair. For months, these plants have painted and perfumed their petals, arranged them perfectly atop their thorn-adorned stems. But gardening calls for merciful shears. And so the roses fall. And the stumps sit alone in the cold surviving. The chill in the air turns to snow turns to thaw and slowly, green tendrils snake up and rosebuds open like the mouths of baby birds tasting spring for the first time.